

# North Country Gentlemen - The Ballad Of Jesse James

tom:  
Capostrate na 3ª casa

( Am C G F )  
Eb (forma dos acordes no tom de C )

I was just a boy when they tied me to that tree  
They hung my daddy's brother, left him swinging over me  
I went off to get my vengeance underneath a flag of red  
And that angel on my shoulder, she ain't spoke to me since then  
Hey hey hey

( Am C G F )  
( Am C G F )

Well I tried my hand at working, but working was not me  
So I left my wife and children in the state of Missouri  
I went off to make my living for my daughter and my son  
And I found an occupation at the wrong end of a gun

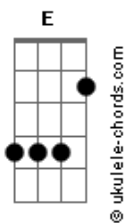
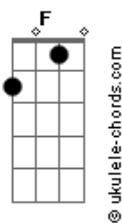
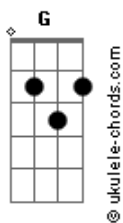
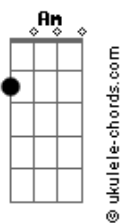
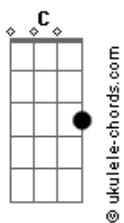
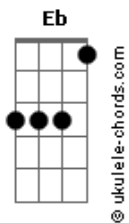
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Lying here looking up at the cracks in the roof  
Well I thought you were my friend, but I guess I was a fool  
There's no pain, only blood and the smoke from your gun  
And I ain't on the run anymore

Ooohhh

( Am C G F )

## Acordes



( Am C G F )  
Well I joined a band of brothers, those brothers took my name  
We were feared across the country, as the gang of Jesse James  
Some folks call me a hero but those folks don't know me well  
There's no place for me in Heaven, there's no  
Place for me in Hell

Lying here looking up at the cracks in the roof  
Well I thought you were my friend, but I guess I was a fool  
There's no pain, only blood and the smoke from your gun  
And I ain't on the run anymore, no I ain't on the  
Run anymore

I thought you were my brother but now it's come to this  
You'll be off to get your silver, just like Judas with no kiss  
And that angel on my shoulder looked me deeply in the eye  
As she turned to face that doorway, I could hear that angel  
cry

Lying here looking up at the cracks in the roof  
Well I thought you were my friend, but I guess I was a fool  
With my colt forty-four laying cold on the floor  
And I ain't on the run anymore, no I ain't on the  
Run anymore